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Book and Job Printing

EXECUTED WITH NEATNESS AND DESPATCH.

POPULAR TALES.

THE FATAL SISTERS.

BY MRS CAROLINE LEE HENTZ.

'Who are those three ladies dressed in black in the corner of the room?' asked a young lady, who seemed the stranger guest, of another seated at her side.

'Why do you ask?' replied Louisa Marshall, the young lady addressed:—'Do you find their appearance so attractive?'

'Not exactly attractive,' answered Miss Warner, 'but there is such a similitude in their features, dress and demeanor, and they are so different from the rest of the company, I feel a curiosity, if not interest, concerning them.'

'I will tell you all I know of them,' replied Louisa, her eye brightening with pleasure at an opportunity of indulging her ruling passion, observing too that a handsome young man, who was turning over the leaves of a Souvenir, was within hearing of her musical voice. 'They are the three Misses Collins—of the maiden sisterhood—who live somewhere in the outskirts of the town, in a grand, gloomy and peculiar style. What brought them out in a fashionable circle to-night, I cannot divine; for I thought they never went anywhere except to church and the church-yard. They always dress in black, have that same solemn, changeless demeanor, those long, thin, unsmiling countenances, and deep-set eyes.'

'Perhaps they have met with deep afflictions,' observed Miss Warner; 'indeed, their mourning dress indicates it.'

'That may have been—as we have not resided here long, I know nothing of their past history. Never having felt the same curiosity as yourself respecting them, I always feel a chill creeping over me when I meet them. I call them the Fatal Sisters, and I have no doubt, if you examine them closely, you will perceive the distaff of Clotho, the spindle of Lachesis, and the shears of Atropos, under the folds of their everlasting black dresses.'

'Excellent,' exclaimed a young man, who had been attracted near Louisa by the vivacity of her countenance, and the animation of her gestures. 'It is one of the best things I ever heard in my life. I shall never look upon them again without thinking of the Fatal Sisters. And now I think of it, there is a striking resemblance—only the stary robe and crown of stars are wanting.'

Excited by applause, Louisa continued her sarcastic remarks till she had gathered around her a crowd of apparently admiring listeners. She met a dark, fascinating, fixed gaze—but it was evidently the gaze of indignation, not of admiration. The cheek of the young man was flushed—he closed the book, and laying it on the table, with some precipitation, walked towards the corner where the Fatal Sisters were seated, and was soon engaged in earnest conversation with them.

'Who is that young man?' asked Miss Warner, with provoking calmness, of the confused and blushing Louisa.

'I don't know,' replied she, in a changed voice. 'I never saw him before. He must be an acquaintance—perhaps a friend or relative—of the Misses Collins. Who would have dreamed of such a thing! He looks so fashionable and high-bred, and they as if they had just issued from the tombs. He must have heard every word I uttered. I dare say he is repeating it to them at this moment—Well, if he is mean enough to do that, I don't care what he thinks of me.'

But she did care a great deal, in spite of her expressed indifference, and she secretly resolved that she would never give play to her satirical spirit, within reach of a stranger's hearing. It was not long before she felt that her punishment was begun. She saw the lady of the house approach the young man, and by the direction of her eye, saw that she was asking him to be introduced to herself. A cold and polite bow of negation was returned, and she had the intense mortification of knowing her acquaintance was rejected. She learned, moreover, that his name was Woodville—that he was the nephew of the Misses Collins, and the son of their only married sister: for whose death they still wore the sable badge of mourning; that he possessed an independent fortune, with every advantage that nature and education could impart—and that, as the party was given in honor of his arrival, the lonely sisters had been induced to leave their almost perpetual retirement, and appear for the first time, for many years, in a crowded and fashionable drawing room.

Louisa was silent and abstracted the remainder of the evening. She did not blush for her unkindness and levity, in leveling at unoffending strangers, the arrows of derision, but she throbbed with indignant shame, at being detected in the act. Accustomed to be admired, anxious to shine, desirous to secure the reputation of a wit as well as a beauty. Louisa considered herself as one of those privileged beings, who may trample with impunity on the social rights of others, provided she can do it with a graceful step and brilliant smile. Personal satire is the easiest as well as the most wounding species of ridicule—and they who indulge in its exercise often become fearful

ly expert before they are aware of the keenness and power of the weapons they are using.

Young Woodville was not mean enough to repeat to his aunt the remarks of Louisa—but in all societies there are some who bear the amiable character of tattlers—who listen and smile and gather up the venom of slander, that they may diffuse its poisonous influence. Through a medium like this, the Misses Collins were informed of the classical embellishments which the lively imagination of Louisa had thrown around their persons. Like all beings of delicate sensibility and retired habits, they were extremely sensitive to personal ridicule, and reproached themselves for being persuaded to depart from their usual quiet tenor, to be exposed to such indignities.

'I know we are no longer young and handsome,' said Miss Collins, the eldest of the maiden sisters, after they had returned home, and were discussing the events of the evening; 'and it was very foolish to place ourselves in contrast with youth and beauty. I believe all of Mrs. Gray's guests were young, but ourselves, and I have no doubt our sad countenances did throw a chill over the poor girl's spirits.'

'You must not feel slighted, dear Arthur,' said the second sister, in the same meek tone, 'if we refuse all other invitations, while you are here. Even if this circumstance had not occurred, I should have returned weary and dejected. Had it not been for our presence, you might have derived pleasure from the very source which now causes you pain and displeasure—I regret this far more on your account than on ours.'

'Yes,' added Miss Esther Collins, the youngest of the three, with a smile, though a tear trembled in the corner of her eyes: 'we deserve the lesson, for the vanity which suffers from the wound; and I have no doubt the young lady herself reflects with pain on her conduct: at least, she never intended it should reach our ears.'

'I have as little respect for the young lady who listened only to betray, as for the one who could indulge in such unfeeling remarks,' observed Arthur, whose indignation was somewhat softened by the recollection of Louisa's conscious blushes, and evident self-reproach. 'I admired the beauty and graceful vivacity of the last, and it was the musical tone of her voice which first attracted my attention. But the lips which, cold and rancorous, distill the venom of satire, can have no charm for me, tho' sweet as the flowers of Hybla's scented field.'

We have thus introduced a few personages who are actors in this moral sketch. Notwithstanding Louisa's regret she could not erase the impression she had made, or prevent the repetition of the unfortunate witticism. The name of the Fatal Sisters was affixed to the three addressed females, and even in their retired walks to the house of God, children were heard to whisper the *soubriquet* they did not understand. Several times Louisa resolved to write them a note of apology, but the fear that Arthur Woodville would believe it addressed to himself, rather than to them, restrained the expression of her penitence and shame. Her curiosity was now painfully awakened on the subject of their history, and the cause of their secluded life. There was an old lady, who resided in the neighborhood, who, from her great age, seemed coeval with the rocks and hills which girdled the valley—one who, having seen better days, was held sacred from public charity, and supported by private benefactions. She was called, by common respect, Old Lady Storer, the head of the aristocracy of the poor. From this ancient and distinguished oracle, Louisa sought the information she desired.

'Yes, yes,' said the old lady, taking off her spectacles, and wiping them again and again, as if to clear away the mists of by-gone days. 'I will tell you all about them, for I love to talk about the gracious ones. I remember them when they were young and handsome as you are now—in a different way, to be sure, for they had a grander look, with their bright black eyes, and long curling black hair, which covered their shoulders like a mantle. It seems but yesterday, since I used to see them riding by, with their long skirts and black plumes waving among their ringlets, smiling with the young gentlemen who followed in their train; for, of the young damsels of the country, they were the most sought after and admired. I was old then, and I little thought I should have lived to see them grow old, bright and blooming as they were. They had no mother, but their father lived, and people said he was father and mother in one. He was a high-minded man, just to all, and kind to the poor. I know he has been kind to me. Well, Miss Batesy, the eldest, was to be married, and there was to be a splendid wedding. And well they might attempt to shine, for a more beautiful bride these eyes never looked upon, and the bridegroom was a goodly man, of noble proportions and gentle countenance. I used to see them walking together, slowly and alone, and I thought something would take place. I have seen them stand for hours together on the banks of that stream yonder, that you see shining up in the sunbeams, when the moonlight was on it, and they seemed to forget there were any human beings in the world but themselves. The wedding day came—carriages without number rolled up to the door—while I stole there on foot, to see my young benefactress, as I feared for the last time. Night came on, and yet no bridegroom was there. Miss Batesy's cheek grew as white as the white dress she wore, but she tried to smile, and said he would come soon. The father grew angry, and swore in his pride that the man who dared to slight his daughter should answer it in his heart's blood. Alas! another hand than his, had drank that true heart's blood. All night they watched his coming, but in vain. Miss Batesy would not believe him false, and she sat at the window, starting at every sound, holding her breath, and turning red

and pale a dozen times in a moment. The next day, slow steps brought him to the door, in the bridegroom's dress, but it was all dabbled in blood, and there were six wounds in his heart, each of which was large and deep enough for his soul to pass through. He was murdered by the way-side, by whom God, the All-seeing and All-knowing, only knows. He was rifled of his purse, his watch, and the ring of his betrothal—so it was supposed his assassin was a robber. Oh! many a day has passed since that sad day, and I have looked upon many a sight of woe—but never have I seen such a spectacle of grief as I witnessed then. Miss Batesy did not shriek and rave as I have heard some do in their agony—but she clenched her hands, till the blood oozed from the roots of her nails, and dropped upon her bridal robes.

For weeks she never spoke or wept, and all thought that her mind had become a blank, through despair. At last the tears began to flow like the rain of the deluge, and day and night—They washed the roses of youth from her cheeks—they dimmed the sun-light of her eyes. She grew old before her time—and never from the day when she put off her white, blood-spotted robes, has she worn any thing but a suit of solemn black—the badge of her heart's widowhood. But, blessed be God! she mourns not without hope. She has found consolation in the promises of the Gospel, and looks forward to a re-union with her beloved, on the green borders of the promised land.'

Old Lady Storer paused, and wiped the mist from her glasses with her white linen apron. Louisa wept. The romantic story of love and sorrow awakened her fullest, warmest sympathy. A better feeling than curiosity urged her to listen to the history of the two younger sisters, which the old lady commenced with new admiration, pleased with the sensibility of her youthful auditor.

'Miss Lucy' continued the aged historian, was next in age, and she clung to her sister in her grief, as if she shared all its bitterness. Miss Mary, the third daughter, married Mr. Woodville a rich man, and went far away from her own home. Esther, the youngest and fairest of the darling and pet of the whole family, went with her, and for a while it seemed that joy had forsaken the household. But, after a time, Lucy was seen riding and walking with a young man, still handsome and nobler than he who was murdered. I heard that they were to be married, and I trembled, fearing that some doom hung over the household, and that the bridal wreaths were never to bloom round their maiden brows. Again there was great preparation for the event, and Esther was sent for to officiate at her sister's wedding. She was then in the bloom of youth, and had a charm about her which no one could resist. The fickle bridegroom transferred his affections to this youngest, loveliest sister, and the quick eye of jealous love soon perceived the change. She loved him as few women could love, but she was proud and her delicacy shrank from receiving vows through honor, which the heart no longer sanctioned. She yielded him to her sister—but she scorned the idea of being a sister's rival. She was wretched at the thought that she had unconsciously supplanted her, and vowed that her future life should be an expiation for the offence. Thus, those three young sisters blighted in all their hopes of happiness, devoted themselves to their father, who began to show the incipient marks of insanity—a disease which gained a fearful ascendancy over his once powerful mind, and terminated only with his life. Their married sister, Mrs. Woodville, died a few years since, under circumstances peculiarly melancholy, and I am told that her only son is now on a visit to his relatives. It is hard for one who sees them now to realize what they once have been, but sorrow such as theirs dries up the very blood, hardens the soft features, and draws the lines of premature age on the face and form—but disappointment has brought with it many a goodly lesson to them. It has weaned them from the world—it has lifted their hopes to Heaven, and it has taught them great tenderness to the feelings of others. Their charity never faileth, it suffers long, and is kind; and truly it vaunteth not itself. They furnished the roof which shelters, and the garment that covers me. These glasses, by which I am enabled to read God's blessed word, are the gift of Miss Batesy's own hand. Miss Lucy provided this rocking-chair as an indulgence to my aged limbs. And in every comfort, I possess, Esther has some active agency. This very morning she put this nice cap on my head, and told me when it needed cramping, no other fingers than hers must do it. Oh! when the Lord makes up his jewels, they will shine like stars in the diadem of his glory.'

Louisa left the cottage with an humble and subdued spirit. 'The tide of youthful vanity ebbed low in her heart. The early history of the Fatal Sisters occupied her mind. Their blighted life, singular misfortunes, and evangelical virtues, seemed as so many accusing spirits condemning her for her heartless mockery. She looked forward through the vista of years, and felt, for the first time, that there must be a dreary prospect before her, if the misfortune common to humanity should fall to her lot. She had no sustaining principle in her own mind, and the anchor on which she leaned was tottering and insecure. In the sunshine of her life, she dared not hope that the pillar of fire would appear to illumine the darkness of her destiny. Oppressed by a unusual weight of reflection, she entered her chamber that night, and in obedience to a custom of hers, long indulged and often reproved by her more cautious mother she drew her table by the bed-side, and throwing herself upon the couch, began to read by candle light, though she in vain endeavored to fix her thoughts upon the book which she held in her hand. Her

mother slept in an apartment on the opposite side of the stair-case, and Louisa flattered herself that it could not disturb her repose, nor endanger her safety, and that there was no harm in disregarding a warning suggested by overweening apprehension. She held the book, and turned the pages, but her thoughts were wandering, and the dread of some coming evil became so intense, that her heart palpitated, and her cheek turned pale. She had long known that there was sorrow and disappointment and death in the world but she had assumed it as a truth, that the three sisters had always been old, sad and unattractive; and, because they had once been beautiful, and young, and loving, she reasoned upon the same principle that all who were young and loving, must pass through the same fiery and defacing ordeal.

At length the reaction, succeeding over-wrought feeling, took place. A sensation of languor stole over her, the book fell from her hand, while the candle still burned by her side. The windows of her chamber were left open, the damp night air swayed heavily the folds of the curtain, and now and then the long blaze of the unsmuffed candle wavered and bowed towards the muslin drapery that waved near the head of the sleeper. Louisa was awakened by a hot glare around her. She started up, and beheld herself encircled with flames. The curtains had come in contact with the blaze, and were consuming with fearful rapidity. At the foot of the bed, they were festooned up, to admit the air—and Louisa, following the impulse of self-preservation, so strong within us, in the hour of peril, darted from under the burning arch, and forgetful of every thing but flying from danger, rushed down the staircase and fell with violent shrieks against the door, which she vainly sought to unclose.

When she recovered a consciousness of her situation, she found herself in the open air, at a little distance from their blazing dwelling, the roar of flames sounding terribly to their ears their glare shining with dazzling horror on her eyes. Her mother stood near, with disheveled hair and disordered dress, wringing her hands, and crying out in despairing accents—

'We are undone—we are undone! Nothing can be saved!'

Louisa saw and heard all this, and she knew that her incendiary hand had lighted that burning pile, that her own disobedience and wantonness had made them houseless and homeless. Mrs. Marshall was not rich. She had a small annuity, which in addition to her house and household goods, enabled her to live in comfort and to furnish Louisa with the paraphernalia of a fashionable wardrobe. There was no insurance nothing was saved, and they must depend upon the kindness of friends for food and raiment for the morrow. They were taken to the nearest neighbors, but the family was large, and they knew they must be a burden there. Mrs. Marshall was delicate in constitution, and the shock and exposure to the night air prostrated her on a sick bed. Louisa felt that if her mother should die, she had dug her grave with her own hands, and she lifted her hot and burning eyes to Heaven, and prayed that she might die too—While she sat by her mother's bedside, in a state bordering on distraction, three figures softly entered and approached the spot where they were seated. They were all clothed in black—they looked pale and sad—but their voices were mild and the words kind. They were the Fatal Sisters, come on an errand of mercy, and they would not be refused. They came, like the Good Samaritans, to pour oil and balm into the wounds of affliction to offer shelter to the homeless, food, raiment, home-bred comfort, and ministrations.

'I have not deserved this from you,' said the weeping Louisa. 'You have more reason to hate, than to pity me.'

'Come with us,' said the elder, 'and we will try to make our home even as your own. Our house is large, our means are ample—we are all skilled as nurses, and there is perfect quiet, such as an invalid loves. A bed can be placed in the carriage, and your mother can be borne there without danger or fatigue. Be assured,' added she, pressing her hand, 'we cherish no feelings towards you, but the sincerest kindness and the deepest sympathy.'

Louisa felt the language of scripture versified in herself. Every word and look of kindness was like a living coal on her remorseful heart. Misfortune had humbled her pride and in proportion as her pride and vanity were abased, her gratitude was exalted.

A few hours saw herself and mother domiciled in the family of the lonely sisters. Mrs. Marshall soon recovered under their soothing and gentle influence, and Louisa gradually assumed an appearance of composure. But self-reproach and anguish knaved at her heart.

'Oh,' she would say to herself a thousand times a day, 'had I obeyed my mother's injunctions, we might yet possess the blessings of home. How long must we eat the bread of dependence? This was a question constantly recurring, and it produced the most solemn resolves on her part to make up to her mother, as far as possible for the consequences of her rashness. She knew her mother's annuity was small, and she determined she would never encroach upon her now slender means. She would teach a school,—she was sure their former friends would assist her.'

The moment she suggested the subject to the kind sisters, they encouraged and supported her in her virtuous plan, and Arthur Woodville eagerly assisted her in the plan. Louisa's desire for admiration, which had often led her into folly and excess, seemed completely swallowed up in the nobler ambition that now urged her onward. She felt she must be low in the esteem of young Woodville, but she would not scorn his pity for it was all she merited.

'I wonder you are willing to stay with the Misses Collins,' said her former friend, Miss Warner, during a ceremonious call: 'they know all you have said about them and you have fastened upon them such a ridiculous name, I am sure they never can forget it. It is a pity that Arthur Woodville heard you, for who knows what might have happened, remaining together in the same house so long?'

Something had happened in consequence of this juxta-position, of which Miss Warner was not aware. The society of one of such exalted powers of mind, and noble and ennobling qualities of heart, gave a stamp to the character of Louisa, such as no one who knew her in her days of folly would have believed it capable of receiving. She felt animated in the discharge of her duty, by the hope of securing his approbation,—being assured that the wanton levity of the past was forgiven, if not forgotten.

Louisa found another warm friend in her misfortunes, and that was old Lady Storer. It was near her cottage that Mrs. Marshall rented a small house where Louisa taught her daily school; and the old lady would bring her knitting and sit in an arm chair, which Louisa would always abdicate on her entrance; and invested with the grandeur and solemnity of great age, her presence inspired awe and diffused stillness amid the juvenile band. By and by she brought her hour glass, and placed it upon the table and its gilding sands whispered as they slid along of everlasting pace. Louisa wondered at her own happiness. The days were too short for her new duties. The time, which she feared would hang heavy on her hands, flew by on wings of down, and scattered light as it flew. It is true, she had some trials, but they were easily borne. If the little rebel resisted her laws, and threatened to bring a spirit of misrule into her peaceful community, old Lady Storer would lift her spectacles and shaker her silver locks in grave rebuke, and the young offender was generally brought to a conviction of its faults. The sisters too, aided her, in her task by their counsels and encouragements; and Louisa often said she would not exchange her situation for any other in the world.

But alas! for the strength of human resolution!—It was more than a year from the commencement of her new duties, before she prepared to resign them. The children wept as they bade her farewell, and entreated her not to leave them. They tried to bribe her with flowers and garlands but she told them, with a tear in her eye, and a smile on her lip, that other duties called her, and she must obey the summons. Old Lady Storer took up her hour glass with a sigh, for she had passed many happy hours in that little circle. It was pleasant, in life's polar winter to be surrounded by the primroses and violets of opening spring. She had, too, her forebodings, for old age loves to catch the dark shadow of the future, and she was sure there was a doom hung over the house, to which the destiny of Louisa was shortly to be linked.

But she did see, what she prophesied never was to be consummated—a wedding in the home of the lonely Sisters. The old Lady wept, for she remembered the hopes of other days so fearfully blighted—but she prayed that a blessing might descend on Arthur and Louisa as they stood before the bridal altar, once more erected in the family mansion. That blessing followed Louisa to her new home and rested there—for the ark of the covenant went before, and the place where it rested was hallowed ground.

Louisa was reminded, in looking over her wedding gifts, of her once prevailing sin—but so gently she could hardly feel it a rebuke.

She found in a careful envelope a beautiful distaff, a silver spindle, and a pair of scissors, as bright as the sunbeams that gleamed on them. Threads of gold and silver were wound upon the distaff, and these words were written on the white paper in which they were wrapped:—

'May all your days be woven of these bright filaments, and no dark webbed be permitted to mingle with the brilliant tissue.'

Louisa's cheek crimsoned, and for a moment she wondered that the three gentle Sisters, who now represented to imagination the three Christian graces—Faith, Hope and Charity—should have recalled a passage in her life, which she wished buried in oblivion.

'Forgive me, my Louisa,' said Arthur, unwinding some of the glittering thread, and passing some of it sportively round her neck: 'the gift is mine. Receive it, as it is offered, in the spirit of confiding love; and instead of being a painful memento of the past, it will be a pledge of a bright and happy futurity.'

Reader! this is an 'o'er true' sketch, scarcely embellished by the tints of imagination. It is not necessary to point out the moral, like the writers of ancient fables. Of all the dark threads woven in the variegated web of human life, there are none so black as those fabricated by the hand of slander; and let not those who indulge in satire and derision, ever dare to say, in the pride of self-reliance, 'Thus far will I go and no farther.'

WITTY RETORT. A materialist, who had written a thousand absurdities to prove that we have got no souls, inquired of a lady, with a triumphant air, what her opinion was of his philosophy?

'It appears to me, sir,' answered the lady, 'that you have employed much talent and ability to prove you are a beast.'

A RISTAYER.—The equinox last Sunday, (says an exchange paper) was really a ristayer, it howled, raved, tore up trees, tattered flags and awnings, as if perfectly distracted. The wind, however, appeared to be in a merry mood—it went along whistling round the corner, Sal-ly.

TREACHERY DEFEATED.

Athanasius, bishop of Alexandria, in the beginning of the fourth century, was said to have murdered Arsenius, a Meletian bishop; for proof of which his enemies produced a box, out of which they took a dead man's hand, dried and salted, which they affirmed to be the hand of Arsenius to conceal himself till they effected their purpose, and spread the report through the christian world, that Arsenius had been privately murdered by the bishop; and the emperor himself, overcome by incessant importunities, was induced to order an inquiry to be made. Athanasius had learned, by his own experience, that any accusation against himself, however improbable, was likely to find numerous and powerful supporters. But Providence wonderfully confuted this attempt. Arsenius notwithstanding the directions of the accusers to keep close, and conveyed himself to Tyre intending to lie secreted there during the whole time of the trial. It happened that some servants belonging to the governor, heard a rumor whispered, that Arsenius was in the city. This they immediately told their master; who found him out, apprehended him, and gave notice to Athanasius. The Meletian, unwilling to blast his employers, and feeling the awkwardness of his situation, at first denied himself to be Arsenius. Happily Paul, the bishop of Tyre, who knew the man, deprived him of that refuge. The day of trial being come the prosecutors boasted that they should give ocular demonstration to the court of the guilt of Athanasius; and produced the dead hand. A shout of victory rung through the court. Silence being made, Athanasius asked the judges if any of them knew Arsenius? Several affirming that they did, Athanasius directed him to be brought into court, and asks, "Is this the man whom I murdered? and whose hand I cut off?" He then turns back the man's cloak, and shews one of his hands; after a little pause, he puts back the cloak at her side of the cloak and shews the other hand. "Gentlemen, you see," said he, "that Arsenius has both his hands; how the accusers came by the third hand let them explain." Thus ended the plot, to the shame of the contrivers.—Lon. Gen. Bap. Rep.

"OLD SCRATCH."

Satan.—This old gentleman, although considered rather sharp than otherwise, has been served some very acute tricks. Among the rest, we have heard of a poor cobbler who made a league with him, and after enjoying every earthly blessing, he was waited upon at the end of the term by his brimstone majesty, who demanded his soul. The cobbler took a sharp knife, and ripping off the sole of his shoe, threw it at the feet of his illustrious guest.

"What does this mean?" cried the latter, "Look at the contract!" cried the cobbler. Satan examined the contract, and found that the word was *sole*, which only entitled him to the piece of leather. He turned on his heel, and went off scratching his head; and he has been called "Old Scratch" ever since.

More and fresh dead fish.—In round pond, Tewksbury, last February, Brevity Gray and Thomas Crosby cut a large hole through the ice which was very thick, when to their astonishment myriads of fish of various kinds and sizes rushed to the aperture, and seemed to be striving to leap from their native element. The fishermen were enabled to take them in great numbers, with their hands, and many thus supplied themselves and neighbors, without resorting to hooks and spears. After the pond became free from ice, cart loads of dead fish floated ashore.

CONVERSATION.—Bill—"Have you got a dollar, Sam?"

Sam—"No, I can't Bill that's a fact—if I would save your life."

Bill—"Cause Jim Thorn wanted me to pay you one, and I've got nothin' smaller than a two."

Sam—"Oh, ah—Well, perhaps I can find just one, come to think of it, that I didn't spend this mornin' for wood."

Sam searched his wallet, found his dollar and handed it to Bill.

Bill—(putting the dollar in his pocket)—

"Well now, that's clever—I'll hand you the two the very next time we meet, if I happen to have so much on hand—I've got one towards it, any how"—Prov. Gaz.

Attempt at Highway Robbery.—On Wednesday evening, a gentleman going to Charleston, between 11 and 12 o'clock, when near the Circus in Haverhill street, was accosted by a man who inquired the way to Charlestown Old Bridge; he directed him, and passed along. A few rods further on he met another man who made the same inquiry, whom he likewise directed. When near the bridge he met them both; they had crossed into Canal street, and headed him at the corner of Causeway street. One of them remarked, "We have met you before, I believe, to night; we want some money."

The gentleman answered the villain by a blow from a heavy cane; the other collared him, when he struck him in the face with the end of his stick, and finding himself clear, made the best of his way over the bridge.—Boston Post.

HON. SHEPARD CARY.

This gentleman, our readers will remember, is the representative in Congress from the seventh District in this State. He has made one or two speeches on the floor of the House, which are well spoken of by the democratic papers. The whigs, however, without touching, for daring to touch, his rough-and-tumble arguments, are warding off the blows by criticising his style. It seems he has committed the unpardonable offence of mispronunciation!

Mr. Cary, never received a classical education; but he is one of the strongest minded men in Maine. He brings out his thoughts quaintly, but they are none the less valuable for that. In truth, he is worth a score of the dapper dandies in Congress, who, because they can speak fluently and finically and according to Blair and Johnson, fancy themselves great men. The one is solid gold, in its crude state—the other gingerbread work overlaid.—American.

Hon. John P. Hale, Representative to Congress from New Hampshire, has addressed a letter to his constituents, informing them that he cannot act in conformity with the instructions given by the Legislature of his State in favor of the annexation of Texas. In the first place he thinks it unconstitutional to annex a foreign state, and in the second he objects for the reasons assigned by Mr. Calhoun and others in favor of annexation—that the object is to perpetuate slavery. Mr. H. says "the reasons which our government has alleged as justifying this measure of annexation, to my mind, instead of justifying it, are eminently calculated to provoke the scorn of earth and the judgment of heaven; and I cannot consent, by any agency of mine, to aid in placing our beloved country in such an attitude." He throws himself upon his constituents, to be chosen with a fair understanding of his sentiments, or to be rejected. He was nominated by convention for re-election, before his letter was published. All the democratic papers disapprove of his course. [Saco Democrat.]

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, JANUARY 28, 1845.

FIRST CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT.

A new trial for Representative to Congress from the first District, composed of York and a part of Oxford County, takes place by appointment of the Governor and Council on the third of February, next Monday. Owing to divisions in the Democratic ranks the election has twice failed in this District. A third trial is now to be had, at which it is highly important that every Democrat should buckle on his whole armor and exercise the inestimable privilege of voting in a manner which shall vindicate the rights of the majority and promote the public good.

At the two former trials, especially the first, the election failed in consequence of the course pursued by Mr. Herrick and his friends. At the second trial, just on the eve of the election, Mr. Herrick came forward and withdrew his name, and signified that he was not a candidate. His withdrawal was so late, or so equivocal, that many on election day, for these or some other reasons, continued to vote for him. We honored and thanked Mr. H. for this step, and considered that he had done it in good faith and sincerity, for the interest of his constituents and the integrity of the Democratic party. But now we have reason to believe we were mistaken.

In the last Maine (Saco) Democrat, Mr. Herrick has come forth with another letter, asserting roundly that it was the duty of his constituents to elect him again—that there was a pledge to this effect given at the Convention by which he was nominated,—that the nomination of Judge Hayes was brought about by "coalition and bargain," and that it is consequently of no binding force upon him. This, of course, opens the wound afresh, and gives renewed energy to faction and opposition. To our mind it appears plain that Mr. Herrick's withdrawal, in November, was insincere, and nothing can convince us, or the public, generally, that the act was done in good faith.

But the question is, shall Judge Hayes, the regularly nominated candidate, be elected or defeated. This is the point to be decided, and which the electors in the Oxford portion of this District must act upon next Monday. The question at issue, is not whether there was "bargaining" at the Convention which nominated Judge Hayes, about which so much has been said, but without the least shadow of proof. It is not whether Mr. Herrick has been abused, or ill treated, by being set aside. It is not whether this individual or that has a life lease to office and honor. But as we stated before, the question is, shall the will of the majority be sanctioned, and Judge Hayes be elected in accordance with that will.

In answer to this question, we solemnly believe that it is the duty of every elector to sustain this nomination—go up to the polls and vote for Judge Hayes, and by that means vindicate the will of the majority, and put a period to this vacillating conduct on the part of individuals, and this policy method of defeating elections. Democrats, we beseech you to lay aside partial considerations and act alone from duty and principle.

LEGISLATIVE PROCEEDINGS.

Jan. 18. In Senate.—Resolution in relation to the Valuation Committee came from the House so amended as to require that that three members of the Committee, who belong to the present Legislature, shall not be members after the 18th inst. Senate concurred. The Texas Resolves were again called up, and Mr. Frye addressed the Senate in answer to Mr. Talman. Mr. F. rose to reply, but the Senate adj.

House.—Resolve in relation to reduction of Salaries came from the Senate indefinitely postponed. It passed the House. The Report of Committee on Job Printing was accepted, and Mr. Johnson, of the Age, does the public printing.

Jan. 20.—In Senate, Resolve in relation to the Re-trenchment Committee came from the House, insisting on the passage of the same. Senate concurred, and appointed Messrs. Holden, Rose, and Otis, as a Committee. A Resolve was presented appropriating \$3,000, providing that Massachusetts appropriated an equal sum, for the repair of the Road leading from the Military Road to the mouth of Fish River. Discussed and laid on the table.

House.—The Report of the Town Court Bill was the order of the day. An interesting discussion ensued. Several of the Waldo Representatives were opposed to repeal, and some others. As the people of Waldo decided in favor of the Law, it was contended that it was due to her that the experiment should be tried in that County. Others contended that a large majority of the people had decided against the law, and that it would occasion great confusion to have laws in one County which were not in another. The question was urgent and required to be passed upon immediately, as the law must go into effect in Waldo on the 22d, if not repealed. The question was finally taken, and passed in favor of repeal, 63 to 55.

Jan. 21.—In Senate, an Order was presented enquiring into the expediency of adopting the Plurality system at second trials for Representatives to Congress.

The Resolve in favor of an appropriation of \$9,000, to be expended in opening the Fish River Road, was taken up, discussed, and laid on the table. The Texas Resolves then came up, and Mr. Talman addressed the Senate at length in reply to Mr. French and Mr. Frye, in favor of his amendment. The subject was laid on the table, and the Senate adjourned.

House.—A motion was made to reconsider the Bill which was passed yesterday repealing the Town Court Bill. Some discussion was had, after which the reconsideration prevailed. The Bill for repeal was then indefinitely postponed, 70 to 47. A Bill in addition to the Town Court Bill was then presented by Mr. Barnes. Resolves in favor of Peel Polis was presented by Mr. Lee. Adj.

Jan. 22.—In Senate, An order was presented inquiring into the expediency of altering the Hawker and Pedlar law. The Texas Resolutions came up again, and the question was whether the majority or minority Resolves should be adopted. The minority Resolutions were rejected 20 to 7. Mr. Holmes then introduced an additional Resolution, requiring that if Texas was annexed, true Democracy required that it should be annexed as a free State. It was rejected. Mr. Holmes then spoke in opposition to annexation. Without taking any question the Senate adjourned.

House.—Passed to be engrossed, Bill authorizing the sale of the Congressional Meeting House in the West Parish, Bethel.

The following is the Bill additional to the Town Court Bill introduced by Mr. Barnes:— "An act entitled an act to establish Town Courts, approved March 22, 1844, shall have no effect or operation whatsoever, beyond the limits of the county of Waldo, and in any action or cases commenced in said Town Courts, it shall not be lawful to direct any writ, issuing in any such action or cause, to any Sheriff, Deputy Sheriff, Constable or Coroner, or of residing in any other county, and no attachment, extent or levy of, or by virtue of such writs, in any other county than the county of Waldo, and no services of any such writ shall be made upon any person, not an inhabitant of or resident in said county of Waldo."

Read twice and to-morrow assigned. The following Order was presented by Mr. Fessenden:—

"Ordered, That the committee on the Judiciary be instructed to enquire into the expediency of passing a Law making horses, sheep, swine, and neat stock liable to taxation in the towns where they may be kept on the first day of May, and also making the same liable to the payment of the taxes which may be assessed upon them."

Jan. 23.—In Senate, the Resolves in relation to Texas were passed to be engrossed. The Steam Navigation Bill came up for consideration.

House.—The only business in the House was Mr. Barnes' amendatory Bill in relation to Town Courts. After considerable discussion, it was rejected 72 to 48.

Jan. 24.—In Senate, Resolve for appropriating \$3,000 for opening Fish River Road, was discussed by several members, and finally laid on the table.

House.—An order was presented having for its object the rejection of the Distribution Money. An amusing discussion arose on the Bill establishing a bounty on Crows. The Bill was laid on the table. While under discussion, a member moved that "Koons" be inserted in the place of "Crows."

The Penobscot Indians in trouble.—By the correspondence of the Argus the following documents, with other particulars, have been made public in relation to the Penobscot Indians. Party spirit is raging high in this Native American Realm. There are three parties in the tribe, each claiming the exclusive right to reign.

John Atteon and John Neptune each hold to the doctrine that they were "born booted and spored, by the grace of God," to ride rough shod over the Indian populace. Peel Polis is the Representative of this party at the Legislature, and is an aristocrat of the first water.

Then there is the republican party, which is represented at the Legislature by Peel Tomer. He is a Diplomatist, of the Talleyrand school, full of cunning and deceit. His credentials we insert below.

Lastly, the Ultra Radicals form another party headed by Joe Sockebasin, who is an Indian of talent, if not character. Our readers will be pleased to see Joe's Petition, we therefore give it below.

To the Hon. Senate and House of Representatives of the State of Maine.

The undersigned, Joseph Sockebasin, an Indian of the Penobscot tribe, would respectfully represent that the Indians of that tribe suffer great and notable grievances by reason of the political divisions that exist therein.

He respectfully desires that your Honorable bodies would so counsel, order and arrange the complex matters of the tribe as to bring harmony out of disorder, and a new creation from chaos. He would desire that the old government, which to the exploded doctrine of the "Divine right of Kings," may at once and forever be abrogated.

He would respectfully ask that John Atteon and John Neptune, the ancient governor and Lieut. governor, who hold to the transmigration doctrine of a governor for life, which doctrine the country has repudiated, may be at once deposed from their long usurped authority and placed upon broad platform of the common Indian people.

He also represents that Toma Sockebasin and Attian Orson, who claim the offices of Governor and Lieut. Governor by virtue of election, have forfeited the confidence of the Penobscot Indians, who are American in blood bone and bottom, by submitting their election for confirmation to the Council at Connewago, a tribe within the jurisdiction, under the control and loyal to Victoria, the Squaw King of Great Britain, thereby violating the injunction of the Father of his country, who recommended in all intercourse with tribes under foreign power and authority, "friendship for all, entangling alliances with none."

Your petitioner desires no *imperium in imperio*, no wheel within a wheel, but wishes the government of the tribe to become in all respects a pure perfect and patriotic Democracy.

He wishes a law to be passed by which the Penobscot tribe may be resolved into a Representative District, having the power to send to your body, every session, one delegate, duly authorized and commissioned by the tribe, to confer with the Governor and Council and your honorable body, respecting all matters which may pertain to their present condition and future well-being. And as in duty bound will ever pray.

JOSEPH SOCKEBASIN, mark

Attest, LEWIS BARKER.

Here is another literary production, it being the credentials of Peel Tomer:—

STATE OF MAINE.

Sartaratan ss.

To the Honorable the President of the Senate, and the Honorable the Speaker of the House of Representatives:

Greeting.

Know ye, that by the treaty of the Plymouth Rock, among other things it was agreed, that the Penobscots should annually and forever, send to Augustus, their Minister Extraordinary Plenipotentiary, to advise with the Governor and Legislature of Maine, touching all things whereunto, the interest of our people appertains, and that you in your consideration of our protection and divers other considerations, were to pay all bills of our said Minister, bills for his expenses. Now therefore, in pursuance thereof, we do send unto you the Great Coon Killer of our tribe and nation, our well beloved and trusty citizen, Captain Peel Tomer, Esq.

And we desire that you may confer with him courteously, hear him attentively, and dismiss him speedily; fully believing that what he speaks is true, what he asks is expedient and necessary, and whatever he opposes, prejudicial to the interest of our tribe and honor of nation.

We have visited in person the biggest bug in the bush, His Excellency the Governor of your State, and he has advised us, that we send but one Minister to reside at or near your Capitol, and that we restrain all others of our people from visiting you, lest by words they darken counsel. In pursuance of that request, we have this day issued our writ of "Supersedes upon Trucks," according to the most approved form of the common law, having the power of a "Road Injunction" in the civil law, and the "ne exeat" of the law of England, thereon restraining all members of our tribe from departing from our limits, except for the purpose of collecting grub. If therefore any one claiming to belong to the nation of Penobscot appears before you without our warrant, having our great and little seal thereto, we desire you would refrain from extending him aid or comfort, leaving him to supply his own wants by running his face, or exertions of the Dexter Upper, and say to him in the language of the Father of his country—"Sine qua non—ne plus ultra"—which being interpreted, means, "dig pig or die."

Given at our Capitol on Old Town island, this twenty-ninth day of December, 1844, and in the year of our Independence five thousand seven hundred and sixty-four.

TOMA SOCKLEXIS, Governor.

ATTIAN ORSON, Lieut. Governor.

Attest, G. P. SEWALL.

IMPORTANT FROM WASHINGTON.

Mr. McNulty, the present Clerk of the House of Representatives in Congress, has become a defaulter to the Government to a large amount—\$30,000 or \$40,000. The Clerk of the House has the care of the Contingent Fund, which amounts, at some times, to \$250,000. The Clerk is charged with having deposited various amounts in different places where they never will be available, and consequently will not be able to square his accounts. On Friday, Jan. 17th, the Committee on Accounts reported Resolutions against McNulty, requiring his dismission from office, and that suits might be commenced against his sureties. The Report caused great sensation in the House.

Some were in favor of his arrest, others for dismission. Some of the friends said that the money was deposited where it was safe, agreeably to all former precedent, and that the Government would not lose a cent by him. He was finally arrested by the Sergeant-at-arms and held in custody by the House, and dismissed from office until the whole matter should be fully investigated.

T. W. Dorr.—The Legislature of Rhode Island has passed an act for the liberation of Mr. Dorr. The act sets forth that Mr. Dorr can have his liberty by taking an oath of allegiance to the present State Government. The Warden of the State Prison is empowered by the act to confer with Mr. Dorr on the subject, and if he consents to take the oath, he, the Warden, is to conduct him to the Supreme Court for that purpose. It is uncertain whether he accepts of these terms. If not, it is expected that his friends will carry the question before the people at the spring elections.

Resolves in relation to Duelling.—Mr. Preston Kiang, having in view the recent Duel at Beltsville, Maryland, introduced the following Resolves in the House of Representatives. They were advocated by Mr. Hamlin, of this State, who glided with great effect to the lamented Cilley. They were finally laid on the table, 106 to 82.

Resolved, That a Select Committee be appointed by the Speaker, whose duty it shall be to inquire into and report to the House, whether any and if any, what members of this House have been engaged in fighting a duel on account of words spoken in debate on this floor, and that the said committee have power to send for persons and papers.

Resolved, That if it shall appear to the said committee, that any members of this House have been engaged in fighting a duel on account of words spoken in debate on this floor, then the said committee are instructed to report the facts with a resolution to expel from this House any member or members guilty of such crime.

The Whig papers have proposed, that as Mr. Clay's Postage Bill is very great, Congress should pass an act giving him the franking privilege.

Proposals for carrying the Mails.—A mistake occurred in the last Democrat in relation to the time of making proposals. Proposals are to be made as follows:—

"Proposals for carrying the Mails of the U. S. from 1st of July, 1845, to the 30th of June, 1849, inclusive, in Maine, will be received at the Contract Office of the Post Office Department, until 9 A. M. of the 15th day of April, 1845, (to be decided by the 10th of May,)" on all the Routes in this State.

PARTIZAN FANATICISM.

The following Resolution was passed by a Liberty Party Convention at Albany.

"Resolved—that the claim of Democracy, by the bastard and Pro-slavery Democratic Party, is one of the most lying and impudent pretensions that could be possibly put forth, and should excite the contempt of all honorable and upright men."

By such disgraceful language as the above, the Liberty party expect to ride into power, and control the destinies of this republic. We supposed the Whig Party laid claim to all the decency, and therefore possessed the exclusive right to preach morality and decency. But in the sacred name of Liberty, the advocates of Negroism are rapidly exelling their illustrious cotemporaries. Were it not for Democracy, such men as Garrison, and the writer of the above Resolution, and the few who follow them—would find a muzzle in the shape of a Sedition Law.

Mr. Cary recently made a scorching speech about the conduct of Whigs and Federalists. They cannot deny his positions, or refute his arguments, but attempt to parry the force of them by ridiculing his pronunciation and mode of delivery. The Whigs are death on ridicule. We pity the poor unfortunate wight who becomes obnoxious to it. The superiority which the whigs possess, and by which they claim the right to use such weapons, consists in the lofty position they have assumed in their new locality up Salt River.

LEGISLATIVE CONVENTION.—The Bangor Democrat has some remarks in relation to members of the Legislature holding a convention to nominate a Governor, and condemns such a practice as an interference with the rights and duties of the people. When a new man is to be selected it seems to be proper and necessary that the people by their delegates should meet and select him.

So far as our knowledge extends, this course has never been departed from, but in one instance. When a Governor has held the office one or two years, and done his duties well, and the people are satisfied without a change, it seems very proper that the members of the Legislature should hold a convention and renominate. It saves time and expense.

Messrs. HUBBARD, AND HOAR.—These two gentlemen were appointed and commissioned, by the Governor of Mass. to visit the States of South Carolina and Louisiana, respectively and take such steps as were necessary in order to bring before the United States Supreme Court, a Law of these States which provides for the imprisonment of free Blacks. Mr. Hoar, could not execute his commission but was virtually driven from the city of Charleston, in the most disgraceful manner. And Mr. Hubbard who was sent to New Orleans, found that he could not accomplish the object of his mission, and came home also. Such conduct on the part of Sister Republic is neither honorable, or justifiable. It is the constitutionality of the Laws of any State cannot be tested and adjudicated by the United States Supreme Court; and if quiet and peaceful measures cannot be tolerated, for such an object, the grand aim of establishing a Supreme Court is a nullity, and the separate Sister, of course possess absolute power. Such an idea is not only contrary to reason, but in direct violation of constitutional rights.

Mexico.—A complete Revolution has taken place in this unfortunate Republic. Province, after Province, has forsaken Santa Anna, and those who still adhere to his interests, are suffering the most condign punishment. Several of his Governors of provinces after resisting the Revolution, with all their force, have been obliged to surrender, after which they were humanely butchered. The army of Santa Anna had become greatly reduced, by distraction; and he fearing a fate more dreadful than death itself, had forsaken his army and made his escape in a private country carriage. No permanent government it yet established.

Latest from Texas.—By act of the Texas Congress, the sent of government, has been removed from Washington to Austin. The Carakawa Indians, had assembled in large bodies, and were committing depredations on the property and inhabitants of Arkansas-Bay. Trade was brisk.

The popular feeling is strong in favor of Annexation. Fifty horses were stolen, from Corpus Christi, in one night. It was not known by whom the theft was committed.

The Treaty entered into by Mr. Cushing, with China has been ratified by the Emperor of China, and by the Senate of the U. States. The Treaty is said to be an advantageous one, giving us all the rights of trade, possessed by the English, or the most favored Nation.

